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Pen Pictures From Corea.

(By Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop.)

The following pictures from a book on 'The Hermit Nation,' by Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, will be of interest. The book is 'Corea and Her Neighbors.' We quote from 'The Presbyterian Journal':

The difficulties Mrs. Bishop encountered in her lonely journeys, the discomforts she endured, the positive hardships and perils through which she passed are almost beyond credence. They make plain the actual condition of this strange country and the pluck and tact of this intrepid woman. Her first trip into the interior was made in a small boat twenty-eight feet long by four feet wide, on the Ham river. She and five others, four natives and a young missionary, spent the days and nights of five and a half weeks on this little craft.

In addition to the six people there were poultry, faggots, rice sacks, sundry provisions and luggage. For six people to cook, eat, sleep, wash, pole the boat, all in this small space, must have made large draughts upon their serenity of temper.

Yet her most trying experiences were not in the cribbed cabin and confined apartment of the boat. The inns of the country were more to be dreaded. Heated to a temperature of 90 degrees and sometimes as high as 110 degrees, without ventilation, infested with cockroaches, rats and every description of insects and vermin, permeated with the vilest of odors and deadliest of stenches, they must have offered but the slightest attraction to the wearied traveller after a hot hard journey over dry beds of mountain torrents, along impassable footpaths, over dangerous mountain passes.

Here is an account of one experience. It occurred on the east coast of Corea. It may be given at length here because it is a fair illustration of the author's styles of the travellers' vicissitudes and the country's customs and condition:

'The inn, if inn it was, gave me a room eight feet by six, and five feet two inches high. Ang-paks, for it was the family granary, iron shoes of ploughs and spades, bundles of foul rags, sea-weed, ears of millet hanging in bunches from the roof, pack saddles, and worse than all else, rotten beans fermenting for soy, and malodorous half-salted fish, just left room for my camp-bed. This den opened on a vile yard, in which is the well from which the women of the house with sublime sang-froid, draw the drinking water* Outside is a swamp which throughout the night gave off sickening odors.

Every few minutes something was wanted from my room, and as there was not room for two, I had every time to go out into the yard. Wong's good-night was "I hope you won't die." When I entered the mercury was 87 degrees. After that, cooking for man and beast and the kang floor raised it to 107 degrees, at which point it stood until morning, vivifying into revoltingly active life myriads of cock roaches and vermin which revel in heat, not to speak of rats, which ran over my bed, ate my candle, gnawed my straps, and would have left me without boots had I not long before learned to hang them from the tripod of my camera.'

'WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM.'

Yet the country with its beautiful and fertile valleys, its varied mountain ranges, towering at times into grandeur, its primeval tiger-haunted forests with their infinite green, its odors of paradise from the 'fragrant breath of a million flowering shrubs and trailers of bursting buds and unfolding ferns,' offered compensation for even the animated discomforts of the inn.

She describes a little valley on the Eastern coast containing 'about 3,000 acres of nice land only, and on the slopes surrounding all these are rich lands, bearing heavy crops of wheat, millet, barley, cotton, tobacco, castor oil, sesamum, oats, turnips, peas, beans and potatoes. The ponies are larger and better kept in this region, and the red bulls are of immense size. The black pig, however, is as small and mean as ever. The crops were clean, and the rice dykes and irrigation channels well kept.

Good and honest government would create as happy and prosperous a people as the traveller finds in Japan, the soil being very similar, while Corea has a far better climate.'

But it is the government that puts its blight on everything Corean. The burdens of taxation are intolerable. The exactions and cruel injustices, which the noble class practice with immunity upon the merchant, industrial and peasant classes, stand as an insurmountable barrier to thrift or progress. As soon as it is suspected that a man has accumulated a little money or property, he is thrust into prison, and subjected to torture until he gives it up to the Yang-ban or official of his district. The people seek refuge in idleness and poverty.

Corea's greatest need is a government reform. Some reforms have been begun since the Japan-Chinese war, with encouraging results. One of the peculiar and prevalent habits of the Coreans is their extreme voracity. They eat not to satisfy hunger, but to enjoy the sensation of repletion. 'A mother feeds her child with rice and when it can eat no more in an upright position, lays it on its back in her lap and feeds it again, tapping its stomach from time to

time with a flat spoon, to ascertain if further cramming is possible.' The cramming process begun so early in life is never abandoned. This vice of gluttony is attended by the vice of drunkenness. Drunkenness is everywhere indulged in and is not disreputable.

The three outstanding features of Corean society, marriage, burial, and exorcism, with their ceremonials, are fully and graphically described. Monogamy is the law of the land, but concubinage is practiced, the wife often selecting the concubine. Women have few liberties and are not held in high esteem. Boys early learn that a man who respects himself must hold woman in contempt.

Mrs. Bishop makes frequent references to the religion and religious problems of this land. Buddhism was at one time the established religion, but it is now disestablished and discredited. There is little else in the way of religious rite and faith to take its place.

She speaks a strong, earnest, friendly word more than once for the missionaries, their splendid self-denial and the gratifying results of their labors.

A New Book.

(J. L. C., in 'Dominion Presbyterian.')

John said to Maggie one day, 'I have made a discovery.' 'What is that?' said she. 'Well, I was reading in the last book of the New Testament and I noticed the word "Blessed" occurs there exactly seven times. You know the number seven is a symbolic number and is found very frequently in the Bible and especially in the book of Revelation. It is the symbol of completeness, or perfection. We read in the first chapter of this symbolic book, of the Seven Spirits of God, that is, the Holy Spirit in his seven-fold perfect power. We read also of the seven churches in Asia. No doubt there were more than seven churches in Asia in the days of John, through whom our exalted Redeemer sent his messages to these churches. The seven mentioned are types of the whole then in that part of the world and indeed of the whole church of Christ till the end of time. John also saw seven golden candlesticks, in the midst of which Jesus walked as the great High Priest —having the seven stars in his right hand. We read farther on of seven lambs, also a book sealed with seven seals, a Lamb with seven horns and eyes, seven angels who had seven trumpets, a great red dragon in heaven with seven heads and seven crowns, and a beast rise out of the sea with seven heads. We read, besides, of seven angels having the seven last plagues, of seven golden vials or bowls, of a scarlet colored beast with seven heads, of seven mountains, and of seven kings. I knew all this before, but I never knew till to-day that this sweet and precious word, "Blessed" is to be found also just seven times. I am glad to learn this for I feel a new interest in this book now. Most Christians do not find much joy or comfort in reading the Revelation, the last book of the Bible, but I am sure if they knew about this word "Blessed" occurring as it does throughout its pages they would find more pleasure reading it than before.'

'Please read me the verses where the word occurs,' said Maggie. John did so, and she shared his joy and surprise. They both said almost in one breath, 'This discovery makes this Revelation a new book to me.' John said after a pause of several minutes, 'I will tell our minister about this and perhaps he will preach on these verses. I never heard but one of these texts preached from, namely, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, etc."'

Next morning after breakfast John went across to 'The Manse,' as they called the minister, and gave him a pleasant surprise by announcing his discovery. The minister said frankly to John that he had not noticed the 'Seven Beatitudes' of the Revelation before and, more, that he had not noticed anything in his books about them. He gladly acceded to John's request or suggestion to preach a series of sermons on them.

Next Sabbath he announced from the pulpit that, God willing, he would begin the series and he asked his people and especially the young people and the boys and girls, to find the verses containing the word 'Blessed' and to commit them to memory if possible before next Sabbath. He was pleased with the interest manifested in the faces of his people as he was making the announcement. In going among the people next week doing his pastoral work he was more than delighted by the remarks many made about the expected treat they would get from the promised sermons. In many of the homes he found little boys and girls ready to repeat the verses, and some of the old people said how much their interest in this book was increased by what to them was also a discovery. Next Sabbath the church was crowded with an interested congregation as the preacher spoke from Rev. i., 3, 'Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep the things that are written therein: for the time is at hand.' A solemn stillness came over the audience as the minister spoke of the rich promise of blessing contained in this opening verse of this last book of the Bible—a blessing both for them and for himself. He compared the beatitudes of Matthew, or the opening verses of Christ's great sermon of inauguration of his kingdom and these beautitudes spoken from heaven by the same great King and Priest. It was a stirring sermon and was the topic of conversation in the neighborhood during the week.

The church was so filled next Sabbath that benches had to be placed in the aisles and the preacher's text was Rev. xiv., 13, 'And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works do follow them.' When the minister announced the text and read these solemn words a great quietness came over the congregation and all listened intently till the close of the sermon. Many of the best people in the church stayed in their pews longer than usual in silent prayer that day, and a few of the elders met the minister as he came down from the pulpit and shaking his hand, said, 'We are about to have a revival of religion.' One said, 'Why, we have it now.' The minister said, 'Let us pray for this, we need it.' All agreed they would. The next Sabbath many had to be turned away as there was not room even about the door or at the open windows. The text was Rev. xvi., 15: 'Behold I come as a thief, Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked and they see his shame.' At the close of this sermon the minister gave an invitation to any who were anxious about their salvation to meet him in the vestry, and to his great joy no less than ten stayed to ask the way of life and peace. It was evident that a revival was in progress and that the spirit of the Lord was quickening dead souls to life.

The other four texts containing this same word, 'Blessed,' namely, Rev. xix., 9; Rev. xx., 6; Rev. xxii., 7 and 14, were preached from in succession and so marked was the progress of the good work that nearly every person in that community was brought under the influence of religion. Christians were greatly revived and made very active in work for Christ and many careless people were brought to cry for mercy and led to the Saviour. Everybody who attended the services said the last book of the Bible was to them A New Book. May it be a New Book to you and me, dear reader. Let us read it and be blessed. Amen.

A Deadly Draught.

Four or five girls were talking of a party which had been given the night before. They were joined by Mary Corrie, a pretty girl with a smiling face and courteous manners; but her classmates exchanged warning glances as she entered.

'Did you notice Jennie Lewis?' said one. 'What a lovely color she had!'

Mary laughed significantly. 'I should like to have rubbed her cheeks with my handkerchief,' she said

An uncomfortable silence followed until someone remarked, 'The bride was there. She told me they had spent their honeymoon in the mountains.'

'And squabbled all the time, they tell me,' interrupted Mary. 'I believe she only married that man for his money. I suspect that she loved somebody else much more.'

This point was discussed eagerly. The girls were well-meaning enough, but a romantic story such as this was attractive. After they had talked themselves into a belief in it, they went back to the subject of the party.

'The new teacher was there,' said one. 'What a sad, unhappy face she has!'

'No, wonder,' said Mary, with a mysterious nod. 'It may be her father.'

And so on and on, a hint there, a sneer here, blackening a character at every sentence, until the bell rang. Not one of the girls, as she went to her classes, actually believed that her schoolmate painted her cheeks that the young married couple did not love each other, or that the poor teacher was the daughter of a man of bad character. But, whenever the name of either of these persons was mentioned, the thought of what had been said to their discredit came to their minds, and a curious injury had been done them.

Strangely enough, these slanderers are not always malignant nor unkind people. They are sometimes affectionate to their kinsfolk, generous to the poor, tender to the sick. But there is an excitement in starting a scandal something like that which the poisoner felt in dropping poison into the glass.

If any of our readers find that they take a delight in scattering scandalous reports, let them remember the poisoner and her deadly draught, and ask themselves wherein they differ from her.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Sept. 16, Sun.—Ye have in heaven a better and enduring substance.

Sept. 17, Mon.—The just shall live by faith.

Sept. 18, Tues.—Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Sept. 19, Wed.—He that cometh to God must believe that he is.

Sept. 20, Thurs.—He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

Sept. 21, Fri.—God is not ashamed to be called their God.

Sept. 22, Sat.—Let us lay aside every weight.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Lighting up the Beacon at Ragged Rocks.

Dave Sherman stood upon the shore and looked off towards the beacon at Ragged Rocks. Every night it was the duty of Skipper Ben Briggs, an old salt whose days of service at sea were over, to go in his boat to Ragged Rocks and at sunset kindle a lamp up on the beacon—a lamp that burned all night and helped bewildered mariners home. Dave Sherman was wondering, this particular twilight, where the *lighter of* the lamp at Ragged Rocks might be.

'Most sunset! The skipper ought to be here. He will lose his place if he don't look out. He will be complained of again. Ah! there is the 'Polly,' I think, away off, trying to make harbor. She will surely complain of Skipper Ben. Her skipper has said he would do it if Skipper Ben did not do his duty. Wonder where Skipper Ben is! Wonder if he has been taking too much and has got asleep somewhere.

The skipper had an infirmity—he loved drink. Lately he had been drinking more heavily than usual. There had been 'extra meetings' in the old school-house which the minister from the 'Center' of the town had conducted. They were a rebuke to Skipper Ben, and the greater the interest in the meetings, the more poorly Skipper Ben was doing. He not only drank harder, but did worse in every respect. He abused those who went to the school-house services.

'His conscience is troubling him,' the minister had told Dave, who was a kind of janitor at the services; and he had a 'door-keeper's' reward—the King of the feast, the Lord Jesus, made Dave one of those who sat down at the table of his bounties of grace every day. It was said of Dave that he 'had got religion.' No, religion 'had got' him. A humble, happy trust in the Saviour possessed his soul. Oh, how Skipper Ben railed at Dave!

'O, he's like the rest,' insisted the skipper, and he gave it the emphasis of an oath. "It is all excitement. It don't amount to a thing. When I see Dave Sherman and all the other folks at the school-house a doin' suthin,' 'twill be time to allow it. Let him prove it is worth suthin'.'

He abused Dave shamefully, and Dave had the blessing that Christ bestows upon those who are persecuted, against whom men, 'say all manner of evils falsely,' for the sake of the Saviour.

Standing on the shore, looking upon the uneasy water roughening in the rising wind betwen the shore and Ragged Rocks, Dave could see off the harbor's mouth the 'Polly' trying to round a point and reach safe moorings. The 'Polly' was an old boat, and her skipper, Jonathan Trefethen, did not like to have her caught outside when the wind was blowing from the present quarter. Once before, when the beacon had not been lighted and the aged 'Polly,' in an adverse wind, had almost been wrecked on account of Skipper Ben's negligence, the 'Polly's' captain had made the threat we have already recorded—that he would complain at headquarters of Skipper Ben. That meant a loss of salary. As Dave, looking off from the shore, recalled all these things, he noticed that the sun, shining sullenly through the clouds as if threatening bad weather, had almost reached the horizon. When it was going under the horizon the light on the beacon ought to be coming up.

'Where's Skipper Ben?' wondered Dave.

The wind that had been busily travelling

along the coast now roughly blowing, brought no news of Skipper Ben's whereabouts. Indeed, it seemed to say, 'Booh—booh—let him go!'

It blew harder. 'Booh—booh—booh—he's your foe—let him go!'

'Love your enemies!' said a voice.

All the while that sullen, threatening sun was sinking, and the poor old Polly had a look of increasing helplessness, and it seemed to Dave as if he could see Skipper Jonathan hurriedly going to the bows of the 'Polly' and anxiously looking ahead.

'Booh——booh—don't go!' roared a fresh gust of wind.

'I'm going!' shouted Dave. He ran to his father's dory, and saw another boat near it. The second boat was untied. Dave knew every craft in the neighborhood, and this with its green striping was Skipper Ben's boat. Another sign of his ownership was a jug in the bottom of the boat. But why was the latter untied? Where was the skipper? Was he coming now? He could not be seen anywhere.

The sun was sinking and the 'Polly' was struggling through the darkening waters, and Dave could wait no longer. He sprang into his boat and began to pull vigorously for the beacon. The water was uneasy and the wind was vexing, but Dave was a good oarsman and he soon reached the beacon. He stepped out on the rocks, made his boat fast, and was about climbing the iron frame of the beacon surmounted by a lamp, when on the other side of the frame, stretched along a shelf in the ledge, he saw a man. Dave could not have been more surprised if the man had got up and spoken to him, Dave could soon see his face.

'Skipper Ben! Fast asleep! Drunk, I know! Up, boy, up! Quick! Light that lamp!' was Dave's counsel to himself.

He climbed the beacon, reached the lamp, opened, lighted, closed it, and dropped down on the ledge again.

'Skipper Ben!' shouted Dave, going to the prostrate man.

Dave shook him, but there was no response.

'Skipper Ben!'

Still no answer came save an ill-natured grunt.

'It looks bad,' said Dave. 'What if the tide should come up—and—and—and'

He thought a moment longer.

'It's no time for ceremony,' he murmured.

He rowed his boat around to the skipper's side of the beacon, and stepped out again, scoop in hand. That would hold a quantity of water. Dave filled it with cold sea-water and dashed it in the skipper's face. It had an effect.

'What—what's—wanted?' muttered the skipper.

Dave lessened the dose and made another application.

'What yer doin'?'

The skipper was beginning to show anger—a good sign.

'Skipper Ben,' said Dave, solemnly, 'you

must get up and get into my boat. The tide is comin' up and you'll drown.'

'Whar's my boat?'

'Ashore. It drifted there.'

'Is she lighted?'

'The beacon is. Come now! I'll help you. Up, now, up! There! Once more! Again, up! Now step into my boat! Care-re-re-ful. There! Now, you keep still, and I'll row you ashore.'

Poor old skipper! All the way home he sat in silence, his head bowed and held fast between his hands. He spoke when the boat was ashore and he had stepped out:

'Boy, what did you light that beacon for? I've ben your en'my and talked agin ye. What did ye do it for?'

'I wanted to do you a favor. I was afraid your lamp wouldn't be lighted and they would complain of you.'

'Hump! So they would. Say, I want your religion.'

Did Dave hear aright?

'Your religion masters you. I want suthin' that will master me and save me from dyin' a drunkard. Come up to the school-house!'

'There's no meeting now.'

'I know that, but there'll be one.'

And so there was—a meeting down at the foot of the cross between a poor old sinner and his Saviour; for there alone with Dave in the dusky school-house the skipper was groaning and praying.

When they came out, though in the dark they did not see her, the 'Polly' was coming to her moorings, helped by the beacon's light. Soon there was another battered craft coming into the harbor, even Skipper Ben, helped by the shining of the beacon-light of the Cross.—'Zion's Herald.'

The Maister an' the Bairns.

[By (the late) William Thomson.]

The Maister sat in a wee cot house
To the Jordan's waters near,
And the fisher fowk crushed an' crooded roon'
The Maister's words to hear.

An' even the bairns frae the near-haun' streets
War mixin' in wi' the thrang,
Laddies an' lasses wi' wee bare feet
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the Twal' at the Maister's side
Raised up an' cried alood—
'Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you,
Rin awa' hame oot the crood.'

But the Maister said, as they turned awa
'Let the wee bairns come to me.'
An' he gathered them roon' him whar he sat,
An' lifted ane up on his knee.

'Ay he gathered them roon' him whaur he sat,
An' straikit their curly hair,
An' he said to the won'erin' fisher fowk
That croodit aroon' him there—

'Sen'na the weans awa' frae me,
But rather this lesson learn—
That nane'll win in at heaven's yett
That isna as pure as a bairn!'

An' he that wisna oor kith an' kin,
But a Prince o' the Far Awa',
Gathered the wee anes in his airms,
An' blessed them ane an' a'.

* * * * * *

O thou who watchest the ways o' men
Keep our feet in the heavenly airt,
An' bring us at last to thy hame abune
As pure as the bairns in he'rt

A Modern Serf.

THE STORY OF A STRUGGLE.

(By R. W. Fenn in the 'Golden Rule.)

Once there was a man who smoked, but he shall be nameless. He was a civil engineer, and twenty-one years old when he began to smoke, and he had not smoked before that time because his grandmother had given him one thousand dollars if he would not indulge in the use of tobacco until of age. There was really no reason why he should commence at all, but he felt that he had been so long deprived of his liberty that he must now of necessity proclaim his emancipation by sucking at an old pipe and puffing out clouds of smoke into the air.

I cannot say that the man liked to smoke, and, in truth, I might testify that for a long time it was unquestionably disagreeable to him; but he persevered, and with patience and practice came to think he liked it. He had often seen his father break off smoking at the desire of his mother, who hated tobacco. There would be an argument, a little nagging, and perhaps a few tears, and his father would put his foot on the neck of the habit with the determined resolution of a brave soldier. This would be the first day.

Then came to the man memories of his haggard and irritable parent dragging himself about his business with lines of care and anxiety upon his brow, and conscience and inclination struggling within for the mastery. Then there would be a quick walk to the tobacconist's, and a sudden halt near the threshold and a return to the office. This would recur at intervals. Finally the tobacconist would catch sight of him, and for very shame the man's father would enter. Not to purchase, of course, but to chat and go out again. But, alas! what is that bulge in his vest pocket, and those four or five little brown noses sticking out?

Warned by his father's example, the man determined to break off the habit. So he broke it off for six months, and, having demonstrated that his will was strong and in perfect order, he sniffed in a somewhat contemptuous manner at the efforts of the thin and peevish man of his boyhood's memories, and started smoking again. In a year's time he quit for a month, and commenced again.

This he did several times, and then went to South America on a railway journey, and the flies, gnats and mosquitoes bothered him. So he filled up his coat pockets with cigars in the morning, and at noon he filled them up again,and at night he had his little smoke of ten or a dozen after supper.

The man went to the city on business, and met a lady and asked her to be his wife. She said she would. He then told her that he would never smoke again, because he had always considered that any married man who would smoke was a beast. He quit. It was hard work, but he stuck to it. He went back to his work and stayed with his resolution.

But one day a letter came from his betrothed saying that it would make her happy to know that he was smoking. So the man sacrificed himself, and smoked. A short time afterward he married the lady, and—continued smoking. Cigars were good, and—O! so delectable. The man absorbed nicotine until he could take a bath in hot soapsuds, and then smell it anywhere on his body. With his cigar he was affable and serene; without it he was morose and savage.

He soon acquired the habit of sleeping on his right side. His left side thumped so, you know. By and by his eyes troubled him, but that was malaria. He had a friend who smoked twice as much as he did. His friend's liver troubled him, but he never could find out the reason. He was thin, too. This was because the native food did not agree with him.

After a while the man's wife thought he had better stop smoking. So he stopped. He smoked the last of his best cigars one evening and quit.

During the night, however, it occurred to him that there were a thousand fine cigars on the way from the factory, and it would be better to smoke them up in the interests of economy. This he did, and he quit.

The next morning he remembered that he was planning to go to the city, and it would be easier to break off there. So he waited until he went to town, and then quit.

A friend met him on the street and took some Habanos puros out of his pocket. The man did not want to offend his friend, and therefore, to oblige him, he smoked some of the Habanos.

When he went home, his wife told him that his will was weak and suggested softening of the brain. Then he remembered his father, and a great horror came over him. He realized at last that he was sinning against his own body,which is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and he went back to camp firmly resolved to fight the tobacco fiend to the death. He left all his tobacco at home, and he would be unable to secure any in camp.

So he took the train and went to the end of the line. He saw a little cantina where he bought a hundred cigars for twenty-five cents. They were pretty rank, and the smell of them eased his conscience somewhat. Besides, he consoled himself with the thought that he could get no more when these were gone. They were to be his last such as they were.

The hundred went in a couple of days, and then the pangs began. The man awoke one morning to find confronting him the dread necessity of eating breakfast without having first smoked a half dozen cigars. (You would laugh, would you?, It was no laughing matter for him, I can assure you.)

Then a happy thought struck him. He borrowed of his Indian helpers, and of the old Indian woman who did his cooking, and when these were gone he had the Indian who carried the mail bring him a fresh supply. The new ones came, and he was blissful.

That night there was a tropical electric storm. In his tent were a quantity of dynamite, and many instruments, guns and implements. The lightning flashed incessantly, and the thunder crashed without interval, like the roar of a fierce cannonade of heavy guns. Balls of fire ran along the ground, and every moment the crash of some falling giant of the forest could be heard as the lightning tore through their great trunks and heaped them in riven masses on the ground. The pitchy blackness of the night became as daylight. No one who has not passed through the fury of an equatorial storm can realize how awful such a storm can be.

The man awoke soon after the tempest commenced. He had never been afraid of lightning, but now, as he lay there half awake, the thought of the dynamite in the corner under a pile of instruments came to him, and he shuddered. Then his great sin against his body began to oppress him. How could he face his Maker with such a thing nourished and cherished in his bosom?

Thus, as he lay there tossing upon his

bed, a great horror fell upon him like a shroud, and he trembled and quivered in mortal agony.

At last he could bear no more, and, vowing to God that he would never touch tobacco again, he crawled from his blankets,and, seizing all his cigars, he rushed out into the night and the storm and threw them over an adjacent bluff. Returning then to his tent, he rolled himself up in his blankets and slept like a child.

The morning came, bright and with a cloudless sky. Where were the foolish fears of the night? He reached for a cigar, and then remembered. Well,-so much the better. Here was a good place to begin.

But what was that dry, hot gnawing within, which soon grew unbearable? So he went to the cook. 'Victoria, have you any cigars? Mine got wet last night in the storm.'

'No, senor, mine were all gone a week ago, as you know. But you can dry yours by the fire, and they will be better than none.'

Happy thought! Cautiously the man descended the bluff and reclaimed the scattered cigars, and soon they were drying on a board before the camp fire, and long before they would burn properly one was in his mouth, vigorously sucked to keep alive the dying spark in the moist tobacco.

Vows now followed thick and fast, until the man could no longer remember in the morning whether or not he had vowed the night before. Soon he returned to the United States. Here was his opportunity. To break off the habit on shipboard would be the thing. So he laid in no stock for his fourteen days voyage, and the vessel sailed.

Then all the agony came back again, and he ransacked the steamer. Finally, the steward's mate produced a small package of smoking tobacco and a few Jamaican cigars. These were purchased, and lasted until the steamer reached Kingston, Jamaica.

Yellow fever on shore, and the steamer could not land. Just at the last moment, however, a little boat came up to the steamer, and a negress, all glorious in her enormous turban, came on board with a box of cigars to sell. The man bought the box, and was happy.

Then the man's wife talked to him again and what with this and with that and his conscience, he threw the box into the sea, and it went merrily floating off over the bay far out of reach of any relenting or repentance. It was grin and bear it now to New York, and with the sea air the man pulled through.

From New York he went to Philadelphia to see his brother. There was an attic in his brother's house, and there the man was found by his wife with a corn-cob pipe and a tin box. These went out of the window. The man was very meek, because he was beginning to get scared by this time.

So he really quit for several weeks, and then his wife let him go to Chicago all alone and he got into trouble again through an old friend in his trunk. It was his old meerschaum this time. After filling himself full, he repented, smashed the meerschaum, and threw the tobacco away.

Then he quit. That is, he smoked only half a dozen times afterward at long intervals, and when last heard from had been a total abstainer for more than a year.

He really doesn't like to say that he has sworn off, but thinks he has.

Perhaps his story may help some one else, who is younger than he, or some one who can afford to sniff at the general disjointedness of his vertebrae.

The Girl Growing Up.

(By Minna Stanwood in 'Forward.')

We girls all are busy nowadays getting ready to make something of ourselves. Almost before we were able to go alone somebody asked us: 'What are you going to make when you grow up?' The question puzzled us, no doubt, and we could not give much of an answer. Later, we began to think about the matter ourselves, and wonder what we would like to make—what we could make. Musicians, school teachers, architects, florists, may be, or lawyers. Oh, there are so many things that girls may 'make' in these splendid times! But did you ever think that there is one thing which every girl is sure to make if she lives long enough? And that is an old lady. Perhaps it is not pleasant to think of. I know some of us would rather not think of it, but would remember only that youth is long, and that the evil day is far off. But it is sure to come. Some day it is going to come our turn to be stiff of joint and dim of sight, to feel that we can no longer keep step with this hurrying world. Some day we are going to take the place of the aged one in somebody's home. Some day we are going to make an old lady. The question is: What kind of one shall we make—you and I? What kind of old lady are we going to be?

A Swedish girl, rather 'short tempered,' as the Scotch people say, was living with a friend of mine who had many home trials, including two old lady relatives, who, although perfectly well, were crossgrained, and snappish, and could neither agree with each other nor with anybody else. One morning when the clashing of the different elements was particularly discordant, the Swedish girl followed my friend into the sitting room, and asked almost with a burst of indignation: 'How is it, Mrs. Bright, that you never do get mad? No matter what any one says you do always keep pleasant. Why don't you turn round and tell them "shut up"?'

The vindictive way in which the girl spoke the last words showed that she would enjoy the privilege of telling them herself. Although it was not quite the thing for the maid to imply criticism of the family by speaking in this way, Mrs. Bright thought she would let that pass for the sake of preaching a little sermon. So she said, gravely: 'Freda, when I was a little girl I knew an old lady who made everybody unhappy by her peevishness and bad temper, and I made up my mind that, God helping me, I would never become an old lady like her. I determined that I would be a sweet, happy old lady, whom people would love to have round. I knew that if I wanted to be nice when I grew old I must begin right then when I was little. So I did, and I am at work making the old lady I want to be.'

Freda stared hard for a minute. Then, as she turned to go back to the kitchen, she remarked, as she usually did, when anything puzzled her, 'Why, that is very comikil!'

Freda is married now, and has little children. She called with her baby to see my friend one day this summer. In the course of conversation she said: 'Mrs. Bright, I never forgot what you said that day about making the nice old lady. I never heard anything like it before; it was so true. When I feel cross with Olaf or the children because they tease me when I'm tired, I want to give them a terrible scolding. But then I remember about the old lady, and don't.'

What kind of old ladies are we going to make? You, the sunny-faced, happy-natured girl, with the gentle word for the impatient little children, the soothing voice and soft tread for the weary father, the helpful acts for the distracted mother, the patient sympathy with the grandmother, whose life candle is glimmering low, what kind of old lady will you make? Oh, that is not hard to answer. Hearts of love will round thee cling, because thou art 'thyself a heart of home.' I know an old lady of this sort. She is over eighty, and has no money to leave when she dies, yet a dozen homes are open to her, and a dozen families are clamoring to have her live with them all the time. She cannot help much in the way of work, for she is not strong, but just the same all these people want her. Why? Because her face is a benediction. Just to look at her makes one feel that life is beautiful, and that people are worthy. Her words are set to heavenly harmonies. She knows just when to speak and when to keep silent.

'Sunshine was she
In the winter day;
And in the midsummer,
Coolness and shade.'

How about you, petulant girl, whose face is snarled and puckered when your will is the least bit crossed? are you going to be able to settle into old age easily, and find your highest pleasure in just being a serene, benignant influence in some humble home? And the girl whose tongue is full of bitter, poisoned words, whose temper will not stand the slightest test, are you going to be patient and sweet when the little hands of somebody's children tangle your skein?

And the selfish girl who thinks only of her own comfort and convenience, what kind of old lady is she going to make? The girl who is slothful and untidy in her home—is she going to make the orderly, neatly-dressed and combed old lady, pleasant to look upon?

Let us be candid with ourselves, girls, and say honestly if we think we would make the best type of old lady if we should keep on through life just as we have begun. Could we be happy with others, could others be happy with us, could we be happy with ourselves? For you and I know that it is not only hard for others to get along with the crabbed, disagreeable person, but it is hard for her to get along with herself. She does not 'enjoy' herself, as the expression goes. Do not think that I am trying to paint old ladyhood in dismal colors, for it is not dismal unless we make it so. I am only anxious that when the time comes to us we shall be blessed by loyal, loving hearts, because we have learned to be a blessing.

Some Other Day.

(Arthur Lewis Tubbs, in 'Sabbath Reading.')

'Some other day, some other time,
I'll seek the source of Love sublime;
Some other time, some other day,
My heart shall turn from sin away.
Not now—just when, I cannot tell;
Another day will do as well.'

O friend, beware! There may not be
Another day of grace for thee;
He who is standing at the door
May go at last and knock no more.
Why do you thus procrastinate?
'Some other day' may be too late.

Too late! and then thy faith will flee,
And all thy pleading useless be.
Too late! and he who waited so
Will answer, 'You I do not know.'
Too late! and you'll be turned away
Because you said, 'Some other day.'

Oh, look not on the setting sun
Until his pardoning grace is won;
Let no more stars above thee shine
Till thou hast said, 'Lord, I am thine.'
He waits to give thee peace sublime;
This is the day—now is the time.

How to Read.

(Mrs. G. S. Barnes.)

Oh! for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I may reade all at my ease
Both of the newe and the olde,
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.'

Waiting in a public library, I found myself by the side of a bright young girl.

'You here for a book, too?' I said. 'Do you then find time to read library books with all your studies?'

'Oh! yes; I generally read two books a week.'

'Two books a week! How can you do justice to so much reading?'

'I read very fast! I often read quite a large book through in an evening.'

'Will you tell me something about them? What sort of books do you read?'

'Oh! stories mostly. I have read Jane Eyre, and'—here followed a list of fascinating novels.

I once heard a prominent literarian say, 'If I were a tyrant, I would compel everybody to read the Odyssey through at least once a year.'

I thought as I turned from my young friend that were I a tyrant, I would compel everybody, and especially every young person, to forego the rapid, thoughtless and utterly unprofitable reading, which is the habit of so many. It is not simply the reading of so much fiction that is ruinous to the memory, it is the habit of reading without the effort to retain what is read, whether it be the daily paper, the religious weekly, or novels.

It is surprising how much reading the average person does without any apparent results. Let one, who on Sunday reads his church paper through, try on Monday to give a fair account of its leading articles, and he will learn of how little value is his reading.

It is hardly worth while to read anything that brings us only a passing pleasure. There are many 'great readers' who, notwithstanding their familiarity with good literature, have a povery-stricken vocabulary, incorrect language and ability to converse only on trivial commonplaces.

My young friend of the library reminds me of another young girl, who, above all things enjoyed reading, and read whatever came in her way—mostly stories. No one took the sort of interest in her reading that would be any help to her. Her mother fretted over such waste of time, and her father grumbled whenever he saw her with a story, whatever its merits. 'What's the use of reading such stuff?—nothing but a pack of silly lies! There is 'John Quincy Adams,' read that: that will do you some good.' But as 'John Quincy Adams' was the only book she had ever known him to read, his literary judgment had little weight. This unsympathetic treatment of her reading proclivities had no effect except to arouse a rebellious spirit; but later, as a student, she was in the home of a lady of fine literary taste, who said kindly:

'It is all right to read occasionally a first-class story, but you cannot afford to read too much or unadvisedly; it will injure your memory, give you false ideas of life, and is a waste of precious time. Let me select your books; you shall give me the benefit of the thoughts in each book that impresses you. That will furnish pleasant topics of conversation.'

This arrangement proved delightful and helpful. A little sympathetic interest is sometimes most effective in influencing the young. It led in this case to a discrimination in the selection of authors, and a taste for solid reading. It led later to the habit of reading with note-book and dictionary at hand—all allusions not understood noted for further study; no word allowed to pass until it had become a part of her working vocabulary. Thus she strengthened her memory, and gained a love for the study of words, their derivation and shades of meaning.

True, this may seem drudgery at first. We cannot read two book a week in this way, but we soon learn to find pleasure in lingering over a book till we make it our own. One can afford to linger since 'A good book is the life blood of a master spirit, treasured up to a life beyond life.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

Bob's Decision.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Does any boy know what it is to want a wheel, and to want it, and want it, until the want grows from small letters into capitals? I suspect there are many such.

When at length Bob Thurston's desire was gratified, he was happier than can be told. Learn to ride? Bless you, he didn't have to learn! Boys take to a wheel naturally. A boy who can stand on his head, or dance on the beams in a barn, doesn't find much difficulty in balancing on a bicycle. Then Bob had had more than one ride on other boys' wheels. So he was quite ready to begin when he had a wheel of his own.

'I shan't need my life insured, either,' he comforted his mother, who felt a little anxious.

The precious machine came on Tuesday, and there's four days before Sunday. The novelty wear off in four days? No, indeed!

The Thurstons lived about a quarter of a mile from church, and Bob suddenly felt as if he couldn't walk. He approached the subject with the wisdom of a lawyer, in a way to disarm objections—so he intended.

'There's the Olmsteads driving by. Wonder what makes 'em always drive to church. They live only two houses beyond us. Do you think it's right, papa?'

'Certainly; what a queer question! You know old Mrs. Olmstead is lame, and could not possibly walk.'

'What is that boy up to?' thought Mr. Thurston. Pretty soon he knew.

'I thought—papa—may be I might ride my wheel to church, 'twould be just the same as going in a carriage.' Bob considered that a clincher.

Mr. Thurston was a wise man. He liked to make his boy see the reasons, instead of giving him a sharp, irritating 'No!'

Just then two or three young men wheeled past the house.

'Look there,' said Mr. Thurston. 'Do you think those fellows are going to church?'

'No, sir,' Bob was forced to confess

'Now, Bob, it's this way. When old Mrs. Olmstead drives by, every body knows she is bound for church, going early, too, so she can get her lame foot propped up comfortably before many get there. But when a wheelman goes by, everybody does not know he is bound for church, in fact, the supposition is against that. I like to please you, however, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll hang a placard on your back with the words on it, "I am on my way to church," in large letters, so all can read it. I'll say "Yes," and you may ride the wheel. But until it is more common to go to service in that way, I shall feel obliged to make such a condition. See?'

Bob did see, and looked rueful. Much as he wished to ride, and brave as he certainly was, he couldn't decide to show his colors by a placard on his back.

'I think I'll wait, papa, until it becomes the custom.'

'That's the better way, my boy. When it is the custom to go to church on a wheel, there'll be no "appearance of evil." But in this case, it's hardly wise for a lad like you to be a pioneer.'—'Zion's Herald.'

David's Good-By.

(By Mrs. Helen H. Farley.)

Two grey-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful fragrant flowers.

'Wait a minute,' said the latter as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. 'I know who they're for,' she said, 'they're for gran'ma.'

'Yes,' assented the giver, 'with my love.'

'Well, I do declare,' observed his friend, as they passed on. 'You surprise me, I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies.'

'Just with one old lady,' laughing. 'You see, it is this way. When I was a boy, this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house, where I had been boarding, with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away, no one would miss me.

'I stopped for Dan, that was my chum's name, on my way to the station. As I entered the yard, he and his mother were saying good-by. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him.

'Good-by, my boy, God bess you,' I heard her say.

'No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

'"Good-by, Davie," she said, gently, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh, so sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years, "Davie, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-by to Dannie's mother? Aren't you, Davie?" I turned and took her hands, the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me.

'"Good-by, Davie," she said, "I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you."'

The gentleman's lips quivered.

'The world grew bright to me then and there,' he continued. 'I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-by of Dan's mother rang in my soul. "Good-by, Davie, I love you, too, my boy, and God bless you." God has blessed me.'

'Where is Dan?' asked his friend.

'Dan died six years ago; that is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring much sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so.'—N. Y. 'Observer.'

An Answer to Prayer.

The following account is vouched for by the man whose dog was God's agent in the hour of the narrator's need:

'One winter we lived on a lonely New Hampshire country road, only one large farm house being near. One morning, the weather promising to be fair, my husband and little son left me to go to a neighboring town ten miles away, expecting to return at night. I did not mind being alone, as I was busy about the house; but toward noon I noticed dark clouds rapidly rising, and the wind began to blow, and soon snowflakes covered the ground. Still I did not feel anxious, but kept a watchful eye down the moutain road, although I knew it was hardly time to expect my loved ones to return. The darkness came on swiftly, and the storm increased in violence, until it seemed as if the roof of the house would be torn off—every old shingle apparently vying with its neighbor in its hurry to be gone.

'Hardly daring to breathe, but longing to scream, I lighted a fire in the great fireplace, and the flames threw their ruddy glow over the room. As I began to realize that I was all alone, I grew more frightened and I thought "I cannot stay here all this night alone." Not only was the storm to be dreaded, but early in the day, I had seen two most vicious looking men go by on their way to the village. I knew that they lived in an old shanty below us. They had called once to seek shelter from a slight shower; and I thought they would surely think we would give them shelter from such a storm as this. I did not know what to do, for they were never known to come away sober from the village.

'I made up my mind to go to my neighbor's house. When I opened the door the wind nearly took me off my feet, and, blinded by the snow and sleet, I hastily shut the door and went back into the lighted room. But I could not rest. I wandered from room to room, and it seemed as if I should be insane from fright, for never before had I experienced a mountain storm. I have passed through many storms since then; but that stands out with a prominence which will not allow it to be ever forgotten.

'Going to the window and peering out into the darkness, I suddenly felt prompted to pray—not for my family's return, for I hoped they were sheltered from the storm—but I prayed, "Give me strength, O Lord, to overcome this fear!" And before I finished my prayer it was answered. Above the roar of the storm I heard, under my window, the barking of my neighbor's huge dog. I let him in, all covered as he was with snow and he walked over to the fire, and lay down, and looked up into my face with an almost human intelligence, as if he would say, 'You needn't be afraid; I'll take care of you." With a thankful heart I lay down and slept sweetly all night.

'The owner of the dog told me the next day that in all the years he had owned him never had he known him to leave his mat at night; but for two hours they had tried to keep him in, and at last fearing they would get no sleep if he stayed, they opened the door and he bounded away into the storm toward our house.'

The lady adds: 'Now by what instinct was he guided? Did he know that the one who had fed and petted him was in deep trouble? I believe then, and believe now, that God sent him.'

Why not? Is it the first time that He has interfered for man's welfare? Some things are recorded in the Scripture which are very similar to this in some particulars. 'Is His arm shortened that He cannot save, or is His ear heavy that He cannot hear?' This verse breathes the same sentiment:

'Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountains pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.'

—Rev. W. J. Worth, in 'Zion's Herald.'

A Story of the Wind and a Gospel Leaf.

There is a story which you may like to hear, told by a colporteur in Mexico, Senor Cortez, of a man who came one day to the market stall where he was selling Bibles. The man looked into a New Testament and became interested. On pretence of going to bring the price of it he left his cloak and took the book to his priest, whom he met coming that way. The priest told him the book was 'false,' and was about to tear it to pieces, when the man said, 'But it is not paid for; I left my cloak as security.' Then the priest handed him a coin to pay for the book. 'But the coin is false—mere lead,' said Cortez, refusing to accept it. Then the priest, coming up, said, 'But your books are false, too.' 'Very well,' said the colporteur, 'let us go to the judge and settle both questions at once.'

The priest, however, decided to pay good money and tear up the book before the crowds of people who had gathered round. The wind carried the leaves about, and many were picked up and read. That was on June 14.

In December, Cortez offered his books to a woman sitting at her sewing machine by a window in the same city; she said she wished only one book, which she did not suppose he would have—a religious book about the ten virgins. He showed a large New Testament opened at the parable, and she bought it without any hesitation. He could not but ask how she had come to be looking for it, she replied, taking a single leaf out of her prayer-book, 'My boy found this in the plaza some time ago, and as it has only part of the story, I have been looking for the whole book.' The leaf was of the size of the Testament torn up in the market in June.—'Bible Society Gleanings.'

Suggestions for the Two Flags.

A BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

(It is suggested that two small flags should be shown to the children: a Black Flag, and a Red, White, and Blue.)

Two flags to show you to-night. Who would care to fight under this—(Black Flag)—when we might choose such beautiful and bright colors as these? (Red, White and Blue.) Trace the use of flags in battle. In very ancient times a pole was carried with a bunch of hay or straw at the top. Specially useful in the time of the feudal system, when each baron took his own retainers and servants to the war. The flag, or standard, was the rallying point; the care of it was a place of honor, and the capture considered a disgrace. In the war in the Soudan, we heard much of the Khalifa and his Black Flag. How nobly it was defended. In the battle of Omdurman, our soldiers, with the deadly fire of long range carrying guns, mowed down the ranks of the Dervishes, who, nothing daunted, rushed on file after file, to destruction. Fiercest part of fight round the Black Flag, a dead man was found with his stiff arm still twisted round the pole; all around were heaped the bodies of the slain, one on the other, in horrible confusion. The Black Flag proved to be the flag of Death. There is a Black Flag waving in our land—also the Flag of Death; for under it lie killed and crushed hundreds of thousands, not only men, but women and children. The Black Flag waves over the public house and the gin palace. Those that die for it lie crushed and bleeding—there is no mercy. Not only the strong men, but weak women and helpless children are dragged down, and give up their lives under its dark, fluttering folds. It waves over England to-day — over the homes that are broken up, the lives that are ruined, the children that are starved, the hearts that are broken. It waves over the prisons, the lunatic asylums, the workhouses; for it is drink that helps to fill all these, far more than any other cause.

Look at the other flag—Red, White and Blue. Perhaps some boys here wish some day to be 'Soldiers of the Queen,' and enlist under these colors. Let them not fight under the Black Flag as well. Remember what Lord Roberts said, when taking the chair at a meeting of the Army Temperance Association: 'That it is better for a soldier to be a teetotaler, because he can bear the change of climate more easily; if wounded he recovers more quickly; and when leaving the army it is easier for him to obtain employment.'

Look at these three colors separately.

First, Red.—Red, color of danger. Illustration: Signals on the railway line; wrong signal, frequent cause of accident and death. Story of the sixteen school girls bathing, and cut off by the tide; in great danger; but one had courage to climb the cliff and flutter a red garment; it was seen and understood; a boat was put off and they were saved. Where there is danger courage is needed to meet it. Danger of temptation to boys and girls starting in life. Temptation from others to break the pledge; to be led away from the good teaching learnt at home and at church and Sunday school. Often the first step is fatal, because, though the red warning signal of danger is shining, there's no courage to meet it.

2. White.—Color of purity. A clean, pure heart needed for courage. The courage that is only skin deep will never stand. Only safe way to meet danger is with prayer, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' Then we can fight bravely: God will give us His armor and His weapons.

3. Blue.—This is heaven's own color. What a pleasant world this seems when the bright sky of blue is spread above it. Blue is the true temperance color, too; on our medals and badges we wear the 'Bit of Blue.' Perhaps some have heard a recitation called, 'The Bit of Blue.' A man who had been a drunkard comes home with a steady step and wearing on his breast the bit of blue.

Red, White and Blue.—Never let us be ashamed of the flag we fight under. Never give up the beautiful colors of Courage, Purity and Temperance, for the Black Flag of Drink—the Flag of Death.—Mercy Stratton in 'Temp. Monthly.'

The Sum of It All.

The boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the thing he knows,
And carries every fraction,
Who well divides his precious time,
In due proportion giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.
—R. P.

A Brave Boy.

('Boys' and Girls' Companion.')

Three children were playing on a strip of sand at the seaside. The sea itself was miles away, but so many glittering pools and narrow channels abounded that only this little nook seemed available for digging and building.

It was a very pretty spot; on either side of the bay were hills, some wooded to the very top, some covered with purple heather,

If you had seen these children I am sure that you would have wished to 'make friends,' and join in their play.

First there was Roy, a fine, handsome lad of ten. He had wide-open, clear brown eyes, shining with kindness and truth; his smile was so merry, and his laugh so ringing and mirthful that every one liked him at once.

ROY AND VICTOR.

His brother, Victor, was three years younger, a fair, gentle, delicate-looking boy, who tried to imitate his 'big' brother in everything.

And there was their cousin, Violet, a tiny, dainty little blue-eyed maiden of five, whose pale cheeks greatly needed the sea breezes to bring back the roses into them.

The children had only arrived at Seavale the previous evening, and had slept at the primitive little inn, and now the two mothers were looking for lodgings in the small scattered village.

Both fathers were in India. Roy could just remember coming to England with his mother and baby Victor. Violet had been brought to her English home a frail little baby only a few months old, and of course, had no recollection of her father. Always at bedtime she kissed his photograph and said, 'Good night, dear papa.'

Dearly she loved receiving letters to 'my own darling little daughter,' and sometimes, when she saw other little girls clasping their fathers' hands and chatting away so merrily, tears would come into the child's eyes, and she would lean her golden head against her mother, whispering, 'Violet wants her own papa.'

Violet's mother, Mrs. Somers, was often very anxious about her little sensitive plant, and was glad for her to have the companionship of her boy cousins.

Roy was a wonderful being in little Violet's eyes. So big and so kind, able to do everything, she thought. It was pretty to see how tender and careful he was of his wee cousin.

He noticed now that she was very quiet, and said, 'I will make you a nice seat, Vi., darling, and you can watch Victor and me finish our castle.'

Violet willingly rested herself on the sand sofa which Roy's active hands had soon made for her. Presently she said wistfully—

'I should so like to go over those pretty hills; they make me think of the story you read to me, Roy—'The Distant Hills.' Could we walk across?'

'No,' replied Roy, 'I am sure we could not; why, the channel nearest to us would be too deep to cross, and there are many others. Besides, they are much farther off than they look. Some day we will go by train across that long bridge, Violet, and then walk up those hills.'

Violet smiled contentedly, and still gazed at the hills, till Victor exclaimed—

'See, Roy, that sort of pier made of stones! Let's go there and hunt for shells.'

'Yes,' said Roy, 'we'll do that, but Violet must be careful not to slip.'

They scrambled over the huge stones with much merry laughter, but Violet grew tired, so Roy carried her down to the sand on the other side, and she was very happy, peering into the silvery pools and looking 'for little fishes.'

Roy returned to help Victor in his search for shells, and they determined to find enough to make a shell-box for mother. Soon, however, Victor began to complain of being hungry, and Roy advised him to run up the road and see if mother and Aunt Lucy were in sight.

'If you see them, wave your handkerchief, and I will bring Violet,' called Roy, as the little boy ran off.

When Victor had nearly reached the road he saw an old woman running towards him waving her arms, and crying, 'They must come back, they must come back; they will be caught by the bore!'

An agony of terror darted through Victor's mind. In an instant he pictured a furious, gigantic animal in chase of his brother and cousin. He turned and looked, but saw nothing; yet what was that in the distance? and what was that murmur, rising higher and higher?

Roy saw it, too, at the same instant — the bore, or tidal wave, rushing up the narrow channel, just in a line with the breakwater pier.

With two or three swift bounds he would be in safety, but Violet.

He turned and sprang down the stones, and all his heart went up to heaven. 'Help me, oh! help me to save her.'

His prayer was answered; he reached his little cousin, and lifting her in his arms, flew to the higher sands.

As he stumbled with his precious burden above the line of safety, the place where they had both been standing was gulfed in deep surging waves.

It was long ere little Violet entirely recovered from the shock. With the deepest love of her little

heart she clung to Roy, her protector in the moment of sudden terror, but Roy himself always felt that it was a stronger power than his own that saved their lives.

That night, talking to his mother, he said—

'Mother, I thought I was brave, but I felt afraid—horribly afraid—when I saw that great roaring wave rushing upon us.'

With a tender kiss his mother answered—

'My boy, it is greater bravery to conquer fear than to feel no fear. May you ever, in the battle of life, be brave and do the right; your father will be proud when he hears of his boy's deed of love.'

'Mother,' said Roy, and his voice was earnest and his eyes shone with a steadfast light, 'God helping me, you and father shall never be ashamed of your boy.'

The Ugly Streak.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Tick ! tick ! tick! went the cuckoo clock on the sitting-room wall, and trum ! trum ! trum ! went Harold's fingers on the table—clock and fingers keeping time together.

Suddenly the duet stopped ; the two hands of the clock, only, went on keeping time together.

'It's no use !' declared Harold slowly. 'I don't want him, and that's all there is about it.'

Uncle Ned looked up from his paper. 'How can you help having him ?' he inquired, thoughtfully. 'It's to be a reception, and Phil's a member of the class—and an excellent student I'm told.'

'Oh, I know that, and he gets higher marks than I do every month,' admitted Harold, honestly; 'but—but the trouble is, he's so poor and dresses so awfully shabby ! 'Twould just spoil the whole evening to have him around in that old faded brown suit.'

'But how can you help having him, Harold ? That's what I want to know ?' persisted Uncle Ned. ''Tis a class affair—and, well, my boy, what's your solution ?'

Tick ! tick ! tick ! went the clock louder than before, and trum ! trum ! trum! accompanied Harold's fingers on the table.

'I—I've thought of that,' replied Harold hesitatingly, when the fingers stopped. 'You know father hires Phil to assist at one of the presses the night, each week, that the 'Argus' is printed. I'll have the invitations to my reception sent out for that very night, and then he won't be able to be present. Phil's too poor to miss his job a single night, and there's no one to take his place, for Sam Loton is away on his vacation.'

'But what about Phil, won't he feel hurt?' asked Uncle Ned, quietly.

'Oh, I'll send him an invitation, and pretend I'm awfully sorry it happened so, and—and that I couldn't possibly have had my reception on any other evening.'

'Ah !' responded Uncle Ned, and this time his fingers and the clock trummed and ticked together.

'Isn't that all right ?' asked Harold, doubtfully.

'Your plan is certainly ingenious,' replied Uncle Ned, 'but—'

'But what?' and Harold turned uneasily in his chair.

Uncle Ned was silent for a moment. Then moving his chair close up to Harold's, he said : 'Do you remember, Harold, the day we went into the wood to find a maple suitable for the panels to put into the sides of the new bookcase ? And what a search we had ! Either the trees were too small or they were not thoroughly sound. After a good deal of trouble we found one perfectly formed and of just the right diameter.'

'And wasn't it a beauty—so straight and tall !' exclaimed Harold.

'Yes—on the outside ; but you recollect we happened at the mill the day it was sawed, and when the outside slabs were removed and we were expecting to find a beautiful grain within, to our astonishment and dismay we found a tiny decayed streak running zigzag through the entire log. 'Twas useless ; we couldn't make our panels out of an imperfect stick, and that handsome trunk had to be sawed into junks for fuel.'

'But, Uncle Ned, that hasn't anything to do with Phil and my reception.'

'No, my boy, but suppose some little fellow should develop into a man with an ugly streak in his character—a streak of deception, if he allowed himself to begin to deceive his friends ! And such a man, Harold, is just like our maple log—useless !'

'I—I guess you mean me,' said Harold, soberly ; 'I'm glad the tree had that ugly streak, Uncle Ned, for I can see now, by that, how I would look with an ugly black streak running through my—my character. We could get another tree, but I'm the only Harold I can be, and I—'

'Want to be one that everybody can love and respect,' interrupted Uncle Ned, cheerfully ; 'and you can be such, my boy, if you will only look out for the ugly streaks.'

'And my reception, Uncle Ned, I'll have next Wednesday evening, and Phil shall be an usher !'

Reminded of Home.

'Mamma, why do you read the Bible so much?' said little Mary to her mother; 'haven't you read it all through?'

'Yes, a great many times, my dear,' said her mother.

'Well, you must know all there is in it by this time, but yet you read it every day.'

'Do you remember last summer, Mary, when you were away at Miss Brooke's school?'

'Yes, mamma,'

'You told me that when you got a letter from home you used to read it over and over, till it was almost worn out.'

'And so I did, mamma.'

'Well, what made you read the letter so often? you knew all that was in it.'

'Why, because it seemed a pleasure, and made me think about home, you and papa.'

'Well, my dear, I read over some parts of the Bible that I have read hundreds of times before for the same reason—that it reminds me of my home in heaven, of my heavenly Father, and my Saviour; and therefore I love to read it.'—'Sunday Companion.'

The Little Boy's Wish.

When winter comes the people say,
'Oh, shut the door!' and when,
As sometimes happens, I forget,
They call me back again.

It takes till summer-time to learn;
And then things change about,
And 'Leave it open!' is the cry
When I go in or out.

I try to be a pleasant boy,
And do just as I ought;
But when things are so hard to learn,
I wish they might stay taught.

—'Little Folks.'

LESSON XIII.—Sept. 23.

The Duty of Watchfulness.

Luke xii., 35-46. Memory verses 43-44. Read Luke xii., 35-59.

Golden Text.

'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.'—Matt. xxvi., 41.

Daily Readings.

M. Deceived. Mt. xxiv., 6-10.
T. Sleeping. Mt. xxv., 1-13.
W. Fearful. Mt. xxv., 14-30.
T. Faithful. Mt. xxiv., 42-51.
F. Unto All. Mk. xiii., 28-37.
S. Portion, Rev. ii., 12-17.

Lesson Text.

(35) Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; (36) And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. (37) Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth to serve them. (39) And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants. (39) And this know, that if the goodman of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched and not have suffered his house to be broken through. (40) Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not. (41) Then Peter said unto him, Lord, speakest thou this parable unto us, or even to all? (42) And the Lord said, Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season? (43) Blessed is that servant whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing. (44) Of a truth I say unto you, that he will make him ruler over all that he hath. (45) But and if that servant say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the menservants and maidens, and to eat and drink, and to be drunken; (46) The lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and at an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in sunder, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers.

Suggestions.

Our Saviour commands us to be faithful and wide awake in our service. A man may be able to do very good work, but if he sleeps all the time he will accomplish nothing, so a soul or a church that is asleep accomplishes nothing for God nor for the uplifting of humanity. In Oriental countries where a long robe is worn it has to be fastened up about the waist by being tucked into the belt or girdle when one is working or running, this is called girding the loins. Therefore, having the loins girded, is the symbol of preparation for service. In Paul's letter to the Ephesians, (vi., 14) he charges them to stand, having their loins girt about with truth. Also we find in I. Peter i, 13, the charge to gird up the loins of your mind, showing that it is a spiritual readiness that is required.

Let your lamps be burning, filled with the oil of the Spirit, trimmed with prompt attention to the little duties of life. Every Christian is to be looking for the coming of the Lord, not standing idly round like servants gossiping with one another instead of attending to their work, but diligently attending to duties so that at the coming of the Lord they may run to meet him and render a good account of themselves. This may be illustrated by a little incident which came under the notice of the writer. A lady was one afternoon visiting a home where the father had been away all day doing some trading. The three little boys kept running to the window and to the door and sometimes a little piece down the road to see when father was coming. At last he arrived and was welcomed with joyous shouts by his little family. The lady visitor remarked to the father that she had thought it very sweet to see the children so eagerly watching for him, she thought it a picture of the way that Christians should be watching for the coming of their Lord. Well, said the father, it was nice to have them so anxious to welcome me, but I left them some work to do this morning and they have not done it. I would a good deal rather have had them doing the work than looking out of the window for me all afternoon.

God wants us to be sincere. God wants us to be faithful, no amount of praise will make up for disobedience. God wants our first love and absolute obedience more than he wants anything else. Special blessings are to be given to those who shall be found faithful and obedient at the coming of our Lord. He may come to-day, he may not come for a hundred years, but he will surely come some time, and the only way to be ready at his coming is to be ready and watching every day. We can only be ready to meet our Lord by being washed by his precious blood from all sin, and having on the pure garments of his righteousness. Every day is a judgment day, for every day our Lord comes to test us by some opportunity. If we are ready at his coming we will seize the opportunity and glorify him in our daily life. But if we are not ready, we will not recognize his coming and so we will lose the joy of meeting him in our daily life.

Questions.

How can we be ready for the coming of our Lord?

How did Christ command his disciples to wait?

What reward will the faithful servant receive?

How must the unfaithful be treated?

Lesson Hymn.

Christians, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one,
Watch and pray.

Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down,
Watch and pray.

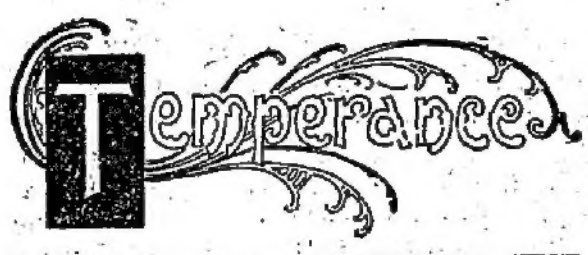
C. E. Topic.

Sept. 23.—Tares in your field. Matt. xiii., 24-30, 36-43.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Mon., Sept. 17.—Selfishness. Rom., xii., 3.
Tues., Sept. 18.—Scolding. Prov. xxix., 20.
Wed., Sept. 19.—Unkindness. Prov. xvii., 5.
Thu., Sept. 20.—Covetousness. Heb. xiii., 5.
Fri., Sept. 21.—Robbery. Mal. iii., 8.
Sat., Sept. 22.—Sabbath-breaking. Amos, viii., 5, 6.
Sun., Sept. 23.—Topic—Some tares that get into our fields. Matt. xiii., 24-30, 36-43.

It may seem to be a trifle whether or not the teacher comes quickly to order when the signal is given, yet failure to respond is the cause of many a disorderly class. Taking the cue from the one who should be their leader, the members of the class do not attend to the signal from the platform, and likewise they neglect the efforts of the teacher when he wishes to get them into order for the study of the lesson. It may seem to be a trifle to take part promptly and heartily in the devotional exercise of the school, but here again the difference between an orderly and a disorderly school is largely due to the action of the teachers in this respect. Where the teachers do their part, the scholars, as a rule, are apt to follow their examples. Contrariwise, failure on the part of the teacher in this respect generally results in the pupils' doing as they please.—A. H. McKinney.



Bible Wines.

CHAPTER V.—CHRIST TURNS WATER INTO WINE AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA OF GALILEE.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—What is recorded in the second chapter of St. John?

A.—That Christ turned water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee.

2. Q.—Of what is this the first instance?

A.—It is the first miracle performed by Christ.

3. Q.—What is a miracle?

A.—It is an exhibition of God's power, and not according to the ordinary laws of nature.

4. Q.—What is the miracle here?

A.—The unfermented wine, or pure juice of the grape which is slowly made by nature, was by Christ made at once.

5. Q.—What was this wine—the fermented and alcoholic wine, or the unfermented and non-alcoholic wine?

A.—It was the unfermented and non-alcoholic wine—the pure juice of the grape.

6. Q.—How do we know this?

A.—The governor of the feast said, upon tasting it: 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until now.'

7. Q.—What was the universal custom of using wines at the time of Christ?

A.—The best wines were served first, and the poorest at the last of the feast.

8. Q.—What was considered the best wine in the New Testament?

A.—The new sweet wine, the fresh juice from the wine press being the best.

9. Q.—What is meant by well drunk?

A.—Not intoxicated, but that they had drunk a large quantity of the wine furnished.

10. Q.—What was the object of this miracle?

A.—St. John says 'this beginnig of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee and manifested forth his glory.'

11. Q.—Why are we sure that this wine was the pure juice of the grape?

A.—This was his first miracle, and Christ would take great pains not to have his mission and character misunderstood.

12. Q.—What other reasons have we for believing this to be the pure juice of the grape?

A.—Alcohol is nowhere in nature, but the result of fermentation, and a deadly poison.

Alcoholic wines are a curse, and the Son of God, who came to save the world from sin, never made that which would kill the soul.

A Non-Temperance Testimony.

The 'Lancet' (which is not a 'temperance' organ) less than two months ago stated that for every hundred women dying from excessive use of stimulants in 1878, there were no less than two hundred and forty-five in 1898! Think of it, readers! For every ten women drunkards twenty years ago, there are twenty-five now! Whereas thirty years ago drink could only be obtained at places specially established and licensed for the purpose, now, any respectable woman can get it with her ordinary articles for household consumption. It would seem, we are threatened with a still more dangerous increase in the future of such facilities for secret drinking. Surely the modern desire to make life as smooth as possible goes too far when it is thought desirable to make it easy for a woman to forget her womanhood, and to become that most awful creature on God's earth, a hopeless drunkard!—'Temperance Monthly.'

At Whose Door?

(By Mrs. Harvie Jellie.)

'Have you heard about James Giffard? I knew he would give way again. What a disgrace to the Church! said Mrs. Alton, one of the oldest members of the community.

'Dear me! you don't mean to say he has fallen into drinking again. I always said he ought not to have been admitted into the Church so quickly,—and his poor wife so delicate, and such a handful of children,' and the Colonel's wife assumed an expression of extreme pain.

'It's all too true, and there's another one I rather suspect, and I think our people are too ready to admit such into positions of trust, on signing the pledge and professing to be converted. We shall see, I'm keeping my eyes on him,' said Mrs. Alton, sipping her tea, and looking the impersonation of judgment.

Meantime, the man in question—James Giffard—was standing before the fire in his dining room, his head resting on the arm on the mantel shelf. A great pain was in his heart. As a young man, he started well in a London office, but the tide of evil swept past and carried him off his feet,temptations were subtle and many, and his easy and happy nature fell into the snares which a stronger one might avoid. One step led to another, and James was soon fairly on the road to ruin. His young wife pleaded in vain. Sometimes he kept his promise, and refused to stay away at the club; then she had hope, alas! only to be crushed by fresh outbreaks of drinking.

But one evening he returned to find his little boy very ill, and on that boy his heart was set. He would let him say to him what no one else dare say, and when he bent over the bed to look at Charlie, the child started: 'Don't come now, father, I smell the drink that makes you cruel to mother and me, you make me hate it so, do go away—away,' and Charlie turned his face to the wall.

On his bed that night James Giffard knew the stings of conscience. Self gratification was ruining love and home—his child recoiled from him in disgust—his wife was worn by inward grief, and disappointment, and he loathed himself, and groaned within himself to be free.

Next morning in clear and sober distress he approached the boy. 'Charlie, you'll speak to me now, laddie,' he said, taking his hand.

'If you say you'll give it up, father, and not make mother cry again,' and the bright eyes full of fever flashed their earnest gaze upon the man who loved that boy with all his heart.

'Laddie, when you say your prayers ask God to help me, for I mean it. I will keep from it, it makes a brute of me, only if I taste it, all my power to resist fails.'

'Father, I learned at school a verse that says: "A bruised reed shall he not break," and teacher said, "God is kind, and knows our weakness," won't he be kind to you?'

And the words of the child pierced the father's heart, and he sobbed aloud and vowed he would keep out of temptation's way, and as his boy passed away he said: 'Father, you'll make mother happy, won't you?' and the stricken man said: 'Yes, Charlie, and I'll keep out of reach of danger.'

* * * * * *

A year had gone, and the heart tried by sorrow had turned to its God for comfort, and sought forgiveness at the Saviour's cross, and James Giffard keeping his promise to his boy, avoided the company of those who offered him that which was fire to fuel, and sought the communion of those who professed to be Christ's disciples. With them surely he would be in safe guard.

After deep penitence and prayer for guidance, he yielded to his wife's persuasion to join her in confessing his love to Christ, by openly acknowledging himself on the Lord's side.

Many in the Church had looked with critical eyes as he sat with them at the communion.

Three times a shudder as of nearing harm passed through his being, as he on each occasion sipped once more the fatal wine, but on the fourth time he was perhaps less able to resist the flavor, something of depression as he thought of the boy had lowered him, and although he had united with the congregation in praying 'Lead us not into temptation,' he tasted once more (as with those who had no sympathy with his weakness, he sat in communion), the very thing he had declared he never would touch. Leaving the church that day, he fell into the snare thus unwittingly laid open to him, and shaken in heart after the first fall from his Christian profession, he stood there by the fireside in heartfelt grief.

The door opened, and a pale face looked at him, as only wounded love can look. He met the glance in silence, and beckoned her to his side.

'What are they saying, wife?'

'Saying! James! Oh, what can they say? A member of the Church, too!' and she covered her face and wept.

'I know, I hear the cruel, uncharitable speeches; I feel the looks they give, when they ought to say: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves," they would say "keep away, touch not, taste not," and then themselves put before me the very thing they condemn. Wife, let me fall into the hands of God, but save me from the Church's criticism.'

Wounded by remarks, repelled by unsympathetic counsel, the spirit of James Giffard recoiled, and for some months he seemed to hover between the remembrance of his promise to Charlie, and the temptation once more awakened.

The uncharitable estimate of many besides the Colonel's wife and Mrs. Alton caused him to keep away from the Church, and no kindly hand was outstretched to uplift, and none apologized for putting before a weak one, that which they would condemn him for touching elsewhere.

The words of his boy, and the verse, 'A bruised reed shall he not break,' held him above despair, and he turned from the judgment of the disciples, to the compassion of the Lord, and grace was given in time of need.

'I well nigh lost my footing, wife,' he said six months later, 'no thanks to the Church! alas, for the rarity of Christian charity, unto God be the praise,' and James Giffard became the means of helping the fallen, and encouraging the tried ones.

Workers with Christ, he and his wife became powerful to save and bless.

* * * * * *

In cases like this, where one has come out of the clutches of strong temptation and wants to avoid the taste of that which inflames the passion for drink—at whose door will the blame lie, when a soul is thrown back into the power of evil which may become too mighty?

Should we not deal gently with the erring, and lay no stumbling block in their way? for well we know our Lord and Master will hold us responsible, and may be, while we think in this respect we are not our brother's keeper, he will say: 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground.'—'Temperance Record.'

Temperance Notes.

A visitor to the Richmond, Va., tobacco factories tells graphically of the methods there used. 'The tobacco leaves are laid upon the floor, often a very dirty one, and a Negro man with bare feet walks back and forth over them, sprinkling them with the flavoring, and, as he says, 'Stomping it wid dese two foots." Meanwhile he chews tobacco and adds its juice to the flavoring.'—'Pacific Ensign.'

Dr. Norman Kerr, president of the Society for the Suppression of Inebriety, who was one of the first witnesses before the Royal Commission on Licensing, is a graduate of Glasgow University, and shortly after receiving his diploma in the sixties sailed as surgeon on board the Allan Line of steamers, and was known throughout the fleet on account of his staunch temperance principles, as the 'teetotal doctor,' Dr. Kerr subsequently settled in London, and is the author of numerous publications, including a great work on 'Etiology.'

'In connection with my work I have given considerable attention to the effect of the use of tobacco upon young boys, and am satisfied that its use has a blighting effect upon their mental, moral, and physical growth.'—Robert O. Moody, General Secretary Y. M. C. A., Stamford, Conn.

'I never observed such pallid faces, and so many marks of declining health, nor even knew so many hectic habits and consumptive affections as of late years, and I trace this alarming inroad on young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of smoking cigars.'—Dr. Waterhouse.

We have referred, says the Chicago 'Standard,' more than once to the desperate and despicable measures resorted to by some representatives of the tobacco manufacturers to develop a taste for tobacco in growing boys, in order to keep up the demand. The opposition which the anti-cigarette reformers have had to meet is not less underhanded and ingenious than that displayed by the advocates of the saloon. A recent phase of the campaign is the manufacture and sale of a variety of chewing gum containing nicotine. It has been very popular with Chicago school children since its introduction. On complaints by parents and teachers the health department recently analyzed the gum, pronounced it dangerous to health, and ordered its sale stopped. This latest invention is worthy to be placed along with the brandy and whiskey candies as an example of the admirable ethical principles characteristic of these twin industries, the liquor business and the cigarette business. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the use of tobacco and liquor by adults, we never heard of any reputable physician or scientist who did not pronounce them highly injurious to children.

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. Papa has a team of black horses. My pets are a little white dog, named 'Rags;' an Angora cat, named 'Velvet,' and a pony named 'Beauty.' I have a bicycle. My birthday comes on Dec. 25. I have no brothers or sisters. Mamma is at California for her health. I go to the mountains every vacation, and stay one month. Papa is a doctor but he does not practice in the winter time. I go to the high school and will be in the eighth grade this winter. We live in New York in the winter and board in the summer. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. Yours truly, HARRIET F.

In that stillness.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading your blessed paper, which gives me very much pleasure, indeed. I live on Sea Island, B.C., with my brother and his wife. I am fishing just now out on the Gulf of Georgia. There are five thousand boats on this rolling water fishing for the canneries. Each boat has with it two men and one net. These nets are nine hundred feet long by fifteen and twenty feet in depth. And, do you believe me, Dear Editor, each boat carries on its mast a lantern, and when night comes on all the lanterns are lit up. It is then you would compare the Gulf to that of a beautiful city lit up with electric lights. And while we are thus fishing,

The sun goes up.
And the sun goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain.
And yesterday's sneers,
And yesterday's frowns
Can never come over again,
While resting at the mouth of the
Fraser River,
Farewell, dear friends, farewell.

F. W. H.

Letters have also been received from the following writers:—Pearlie Collins, Petrolea, Ont.; Daisy Keyes, Elmsdale; William E., Alberni, B.C.; Laura W., Arthur, Ont.; Hugh McLean, Menands Albany, N. Y.; Irene Werry, Crystal City; Gladys S. Dowling,Scotch Ridge; Martie H., Forked River; Ernest Thompson,. Chance Harbour, St John, N.B.; Maud Thompson, Chance Harbour, St. John, N.B.; Jane C. McCleod, Loch Lomond, Cape Breton, N. S.; Victor R. E., Lourville; Stella D., Treadwell, Ont.; Alma S. C., Dauphin, Mass.; Nettie Pollitt, Collingwood, Ont.; Lawrence Dalton E., Pleasant Vale, N.B.; Annie Margaret M., Ascot; Mable F., Ospringe; G. L. McG., Ashdod; Nettie Young, Port Daniel; Amy E. Ansel, Toronto, Ont.; Lizzie H., Keady, P. Q.

HOUSEHOLD.

No Rest for the Mother.

There has been a good deal written about mothers—their goodness, their patience,and their influence. Perhaps it would be a good plan to write a few lines about how to keep the mothers longer out of heaven and longer in the home. To the ordinary mothers—no, there are no ordinary mothers, they are all extraordinary in their particular homes — holidays come rarely. Mary has a party and mother makes a cake. Tom goes fishing, and she puts up a lunch. Even the husband takes a day off, but the kitchen fire is kept burning. It is the mother who 'stays by the stuff,' and in hot weather she is much like Casablanca on the burning deck—no one comes to the rescue.

Now, young people,you love your mothers. You are only thoughtless. You have so long lived in the light of a mother's smile that you have not thought it could grow dim and flicker, and go out forever for you. She has made everyone so comfortable so many years with the ministrations of her deft hands, that apparently there has been no need of any outside help.

Let us take a look at those hands! The wedding ring is worn thin; it slips about on her finger. I think the finger must have been quite white and soft when it was first put on. What makes those joints so large, so out of proportion to the fingers? They became so gradually, not in a day, but after many whole days, in fact, whole years of hard labor. She did not think about her hands, or try to save them, or feel sad about their looks. It was always her husband's, or Mary's, or Tom's comfort, she was thinking about. It seems to me, as she turns to go out of the room, that she is round-shouldered and bends over. I think when she was a bride she was tall and straight. I wonder what would happen if you young people should all look at your mothers with seeing eyes, as we have looked at the mother of Mary and Tom. If you rub them a little with the oil of love and unselfishness, perhaps you will even see more than I have suggested.

See that your mother takes a needed rest before she is called to her long,last one. It may add years to her life. Try if the combined efforts of the family in some little sacrifice will not put it in her power to go away on a visit for a month. If you can't work, it will be a good time for you to learn. If you miss her a good deal, you will begin to appreciate a very little what her work for you has been. It will be better to give her up a short time now, than to lose her forever for lack of a little vacation.—'Union Signal.'

The Southern Biscuit.

It happened once that a lady visitor came unexpectedly to a New England country home. The housewife, taken unawares, supplemented her stock of bread by making warm biscuits for supper. Probably her skill as a cook was good, for when, well toward the close of the meal, she passed the plate and urged the visitor to have another biscuit, the latter demurred, saying, before she allowed herself to be persuaded: 'These biscuits are so delicious I really don't know how many I have eaten already.'

At which the enfant terrible of the family, a little girl who usually had her eyes and wits about her, piped up in a shrill, childish voice:

'I know, I've kept count; and that one makes six.'

Six biscuits at a meal may make a large story to be told as they make biscuits in New England, big, too often, yellow with soda,or soggy and half-baked in the middle; but I want to tell you that six biscuits as they make them down here in the South are nothing. More than once I have eaten twelve at a meal.

Why is it that Northern cooks cannot make biscuits like their fellow-workers in the South? I have tried again and again to pin the Southern cooks down to a recipe, but it is no use. They 'jes' make 'em.' Surely they can have no better flour here than in the North, and yet I guarantee that any one who has travelled here will join with me in singing the praises of Southern warm biscuits.

What are they like? They are small,little larger round than a silver dollar, baked so nearly separate from each other on the baking-tin that all the edge of each is crisp; so thin that the delicate golden-brown top and the no less delicate golden-brown bottom hold between them one thin flake as white as a snowflake, and almost as easy to melt upon one's tongue.

I contend that such biscuits as these are not unhygienic and indigestible. I ought to know: I have eaten enough of them. The fortune of the Northern hotel or restaurant that can put them on its table is made.

This recalls to my mind a railway meal which I had down here recently. Too often the mention of a railway meal in the North brings up a spectre of slippery stools, sandwiches under glass diving-bells, pie, cold, hard-boiled eggs, and something called coffee.

Not long ago I had to leave Atlanta for Birmingham at 6 a.m. Six o'clock of a damp, autumn morning is not a nice time to change cars and start out through a new country. I queried the conductor about breakfast. 'We stop at Tallapoosa for breakfast,' he said.

By my time-table it would be an hour before we would reach Tallapoosa, and by the time we were due there I was watching for the place. I saw only a small wooden station, with no sign of a restaurant. The train barely paused, and started on again. Had I misunderstood the conductor ? I caught the tail of his coat as he came down the aisle to ask.

'Oh, no,' he said, 'we stop at the hotel'; and even then the train was slowing up again.

When we were stopped I went out and found that we were halted just across the village street from a neat country hotel. There had been a rain in the night, and part of the street was muddy. A puddle was just beneath the car-steps.

'Oh, hold on!' cried the conductor to the passengers who had crowded out on the platform, when he saw the mud. 'Don't get off here. Wait a minute.' Then he waved a signal to the engineer, the train drew half a car's length ahead, and we stepped off dry-shod.

A pleasant-fated young man stood at the hotel door and welcomed us. I wish I could make my readers see that dining-room. The neat, white-spread, home-like tables were set in front of a huge fireplace in which a glorious fire of pitch-pine crackled. The conductor came in and sat down to eat with us, so we had no need to worry about the train.

Fried chicken, eggs, fried oysters, corn bread, biscuits, coffee, milk, buttermilk, plenty to eat and plenty of time, and at a price less than that of almost any railway restaurant in the North.

Is it any wonder that when I went back to the train, warmed, fed and rested, I carried with me so bright a memory of that room and meal that after this I shall always, when I can do so, plan to take that same train again?—'Kitchen Magazine.'

Household Hints.

Cutting corns only makes them grow more. Soaking the feet and rubbing them with pumice stone is much better, and if persisted in, say used twice a week, will keep the feet in splendid condition.

When a dose of unpleasant medicine is necessary, particularly with children, its disagreeable taste may be almost wholly concealed if peppermint candy is taken just before the medicine. This is a better plan than taking something after the dose.

When ink is spilled upon linen, try dipping the damaged material in pure melted tallow. The hot tallow seems to absorb the ink, and, after washing, the stain will be found to have disappeared.

When the fingers are stained in peeling fruits, preparing green walnuts, or in similar ways, dip them in strong tea, rubbing them well with a nail brush, and afterward wash them in warm water, and the stains will disappear.

I wish to emphasize the fact which so many husbands and wives seem to forget—that marriage is on one side as much a business contract as any other partnership, and demands the same kind of business treatment. The husband is the earner, the wife the distributer of capital, and of the two her work is really the more complex and difficult. The only way to carry on this business partnership successfully in a financial way, and without friction personally, is to put it on a cash basis. It is right that the wife should insist on having an allowance.—Helen Waterman Moody, in 'Ladies' Home Journal.'

A good deal of work may be saved about the house by careful thinking. Bare floors save some work in the line of sweeping, and are said to be healthful, surely they must be more so than dingy, dusty carpets, that are filled with microbes and disease. Carpets are comfortable for winter use in certain places; certainly the kitchen should be exempt from carpeting, for here it is that the household labor in a great part is done. And the carpet, if there is one, cannot be kept clean without great effort. An oiled floor is a thing to be desired; and a painted one is not to be despised, but a kitchen floor covered with linoleum, will save more than enough work in a year to pay for itself. It is one of the simplest matters to keep such a floor clean. It is as easily swept as a bare floor, and the wiping it off with a damp mop, or clean cloth will not take long. Here is one way in which labor may be economized and the time spent in better ways.—Rose Seelye Muller, in 'N. Y. Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

Celery Sauce.—Heat a large tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan; stir in a heaping spoonful of flour and dilute with a gill each of cream and chicken stock; add a pint of diced and cooked celery, and season to taste with red pepper, nutmeg and salt.

Sponge Cake.—Two eggs, three-fourths cup sugar, small piece of butter, rub well together. Add five tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls baking powder, one cup of flour. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan.

Soups of Odds and Ends.—This is made from scraps, or bits of meat and vegetables that are left over from one or more meals. For example: The bones of a porterhouse steak; a mutton chop; a tablespoonful of hashed meat; a hard boiled egg; chicken bones; one or two cold potatoes; turnip; two or three spoonfuls of cold boiled rice; meat gravy and bits of pork, ham, bread, etc., may be used. Put all together in a stewpan except the bread. Cover with cold water and let simmer for an hour; put in a pint of beef stock, letting it simmer gently for half an hour longer. Serve hot with square pieces of toasted bread placed in the bottom of a tureen, over which the soup may be poured, straining if desired.

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